THE ALL-ACTION COMIC • LET THE HERETICS BURN!

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

be quick or be dead!

#46
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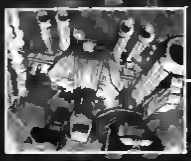
This month I have mostly been thinking about graphic novels. You know, those big collections we do from time to time of our favourite strips. So, graphic novels, are they any use or what? I love reading the episodes in one big splurge myself. Sometimes I'll pick up the collection of a story even though I already have every individual issue; other times it's a great way to check out something I'm not totally sure about. But what do you guys think about graphic novels in general, and ours specifically? Would you rather we didn't do them, or made them more frequent? Kept them in print or sold them out quickly? Hardback or softcover, original art or coloured in? Questions, questions, questions... Send your opinions on a signed first edition of Watchmen direct to me please, not to the other guys, at the usual editorial address.

MARC GASCOIGNE

MORDHEIM

The Flayer's righteous crusade tears through the City of the Damned!



TITAN

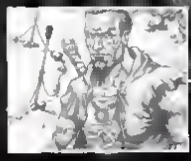
Princeps Hekate and his crew fight face-to-face with the corruption of Chaos!

HISTORY OF NAGGOR

The spine-chilling conclusion to this tale of the Black Ark and its blood-thirsty inhabitants.

INQUISITOR

A new world in Gravier's search for his former master Defay means new hope and new danger!

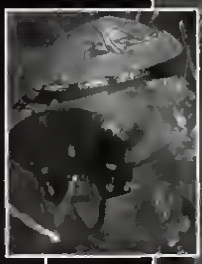


HELLBRANDT GRIMM

A family talisman and a mysterious traveller lead the way to the fabled land of Albion.

DISPATCHES:

Remember the stunning Titan cover that Mark Harrison did for issue 42 of this very comic? Well he's only gone and done it again! Look out for the full-sized, full-colour version stomping onto the front of issue 48.



For twelve years Brothers Cloten and Lysander fought to escape the Eye of Terror and return the Blade Encarmine to its rightful place on their home planet Baal. For twelve years they struggled against all odds to stay alive and preserve their eternal souls. For twelve years they endeavoured to make good their promise to battle-brother, Leonatos, and restore their names to the annals of their chapter. Surely, only madmen would return? Find out this December when Bloodquest makes its long awaited return to the pages of Warhammer Monthly.

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Mordheim

Script: Gordon Rennie
Art: Paul Peacock

Crusade – part three

THE RUINS OF MORDHEIM, WHERE THE SIGMARITE CRUSADE TO CLEANSE THE CITY OF THE DAMNED HAS BEGUN...
ONWARDS, BRETHREN! THE GREAT WORK BEGINS!
THEIR FIRST QUARRY, ULLI AND MARQUAND
A TOUCHING AND POETIC SIMILE, FRIEND MARQUAND, BUT WHAT NOW? THERE'S A DAMNED LOT OF THEM AFTER US, AND WE DON'T EVEN HAVE ANY WEAPONS.
...AMATEURS, I TELL YOU. I'VE HAD HARDER CHALLENGES PICKING MY NOSE THAN UNPICKING THESE KNOTS.
NOT A PROBLEM, FRIEND ULLI. REMEMBER WHERE WE ARE...
'THIS IS OUR HOME. WE OWN THESE RUINS, AND THESE LUNATICS ARE TRESPASSING ON OUR TERRITORY.'
THE-THREE-WHO-WERE-ONE, HOLY BRETHREN IN THE SACRED SERVICE OF SIGMAR-

BROTHER HEAR-NO-SIN, WHO HAD SEARED AWAY HIS OWN EARS, TO SHIELD HIMSELF FROM EVERY SPOKEN HERESY AND BLASPHEMY.

A COMMENDABLE NOTION, TO BE SURE...

BUT ONE NOT WITHOUT CERTAIN OBVIOUS DRAWBACKS.

KRTCH KRTCH KRTCH

BROTHER SPEAK-NO SIN WHO SOUGHT TO ENSURE THAT NO UNGODLY UTTERANCE EVER PASSED HIS LIPS.

SPUCK

AGAIN, A COMMENDABLE NOTION.

BUT, AGAIN, ONE NOT WITHOUT ITS DRAWBACKS.

MMMHHG!
MMMMHH!
UUUMMMH!

SSHHK
BROTHER SEE-NO-SIN, WHO TOOK THE NECESSARY STEPS TO ENSURE THAT HE WOULD NEVER GAZE UPON ANYTHING EVIL AND UNGODLY
VILE BLASPHEMER! FOUL HERETIC! STEP FORWARD AND FACE ME!
COME, LET ME SHOW YOU HOW I NEED NO EYES TO GUIDE MY BLADE INTO YOUR BLACK HEART! LET ME—
SQUIIICH!
EVENS UP THE SCORE ON THAT ACCOUNT
INDEED, FRIEND MARQUAND...

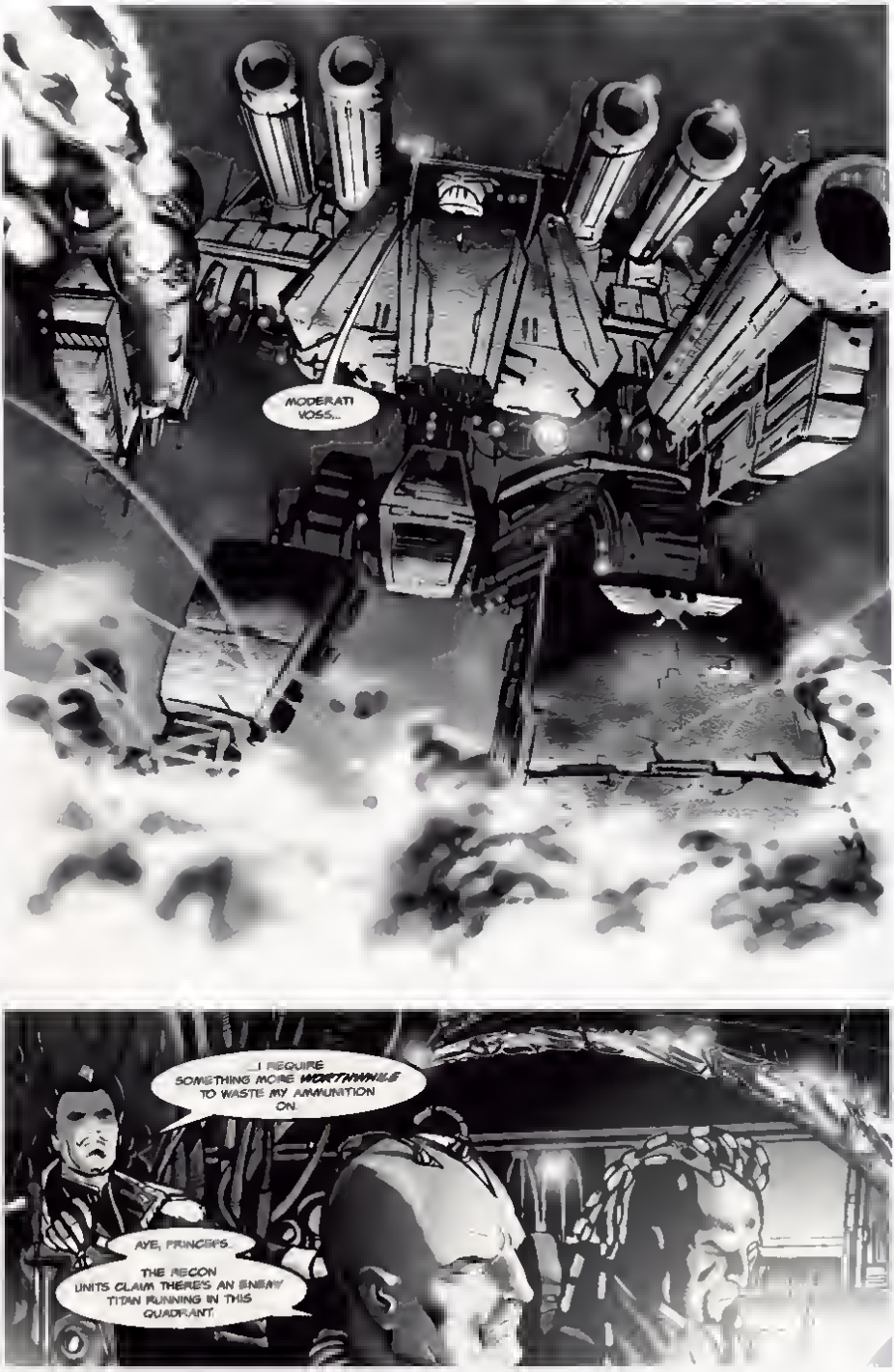
'NOW TO DEAL WITH THE REST OF THEM.'
YOU ARE SURE YOUR HOUNDS HAVE THE TRAIL, BROTHER PACKMASTER?
I HAVE TRAINED THEM TO HUNT BY FOLLOWING *THE SCENT OF SIN AND HERESY*, BROTHER FLAYER.
AND SO-
THERE! WE HAVE THEM NOW!
EVEN HERE AMONGST THE RUINS OF THE CITY OF THE DAMNED, THE STENCH OF THESE TWO EVILDOERS' SINS LEAVES A CLEAR TRAIL BEHIND THEM FOR US TO FOLLOW!

BROTHER PACKMASTER, BRING YOUR BEASTS UNDER CONTROL!
I...I CANNOT! BEWARE BROTHER FLAYER... IT IS ALMOST AS IF THEY SENSE SOME OTHER ABOMINABLE PRESENCE NEARBY! SOMETHING—
SSSHHHUK
A GOOD PLAN ULLI TO LURE OUR ENEMIES INTO THE TERRITORY OF THE *RAT-THINGS*
INDEED FRIEND MARQUAND...
LET US HOPE WE NOW SURVIVE LONG ENOUGH TO CONGRATULATE OURSELVES FURTHER ON THE INGENUITY OF THIS PLAN!
TO BE CONCLUDED

TITAN

>COLD STEEL<

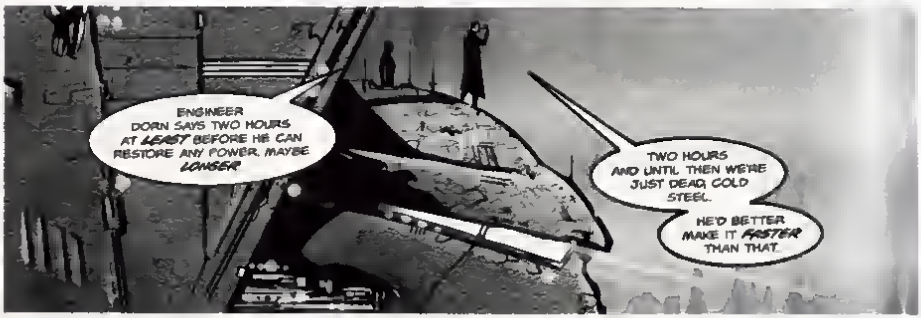
SCRIPT: *OAN ABNETT* · ART: *ANTHONY WILLIAMS* · LETTERS *FIONA STEPHENSON*


MODERATI VOSS...
...I REQUIRE SOMETHING MORE WORTHWHILE TO WASTE MY AMMUNITION ON.
AYE, PRINCEPS.
THE RECON UNITS CLAIM THERE'S AN ENEMY TITAN RUNNING IN THIS QUADRANT.

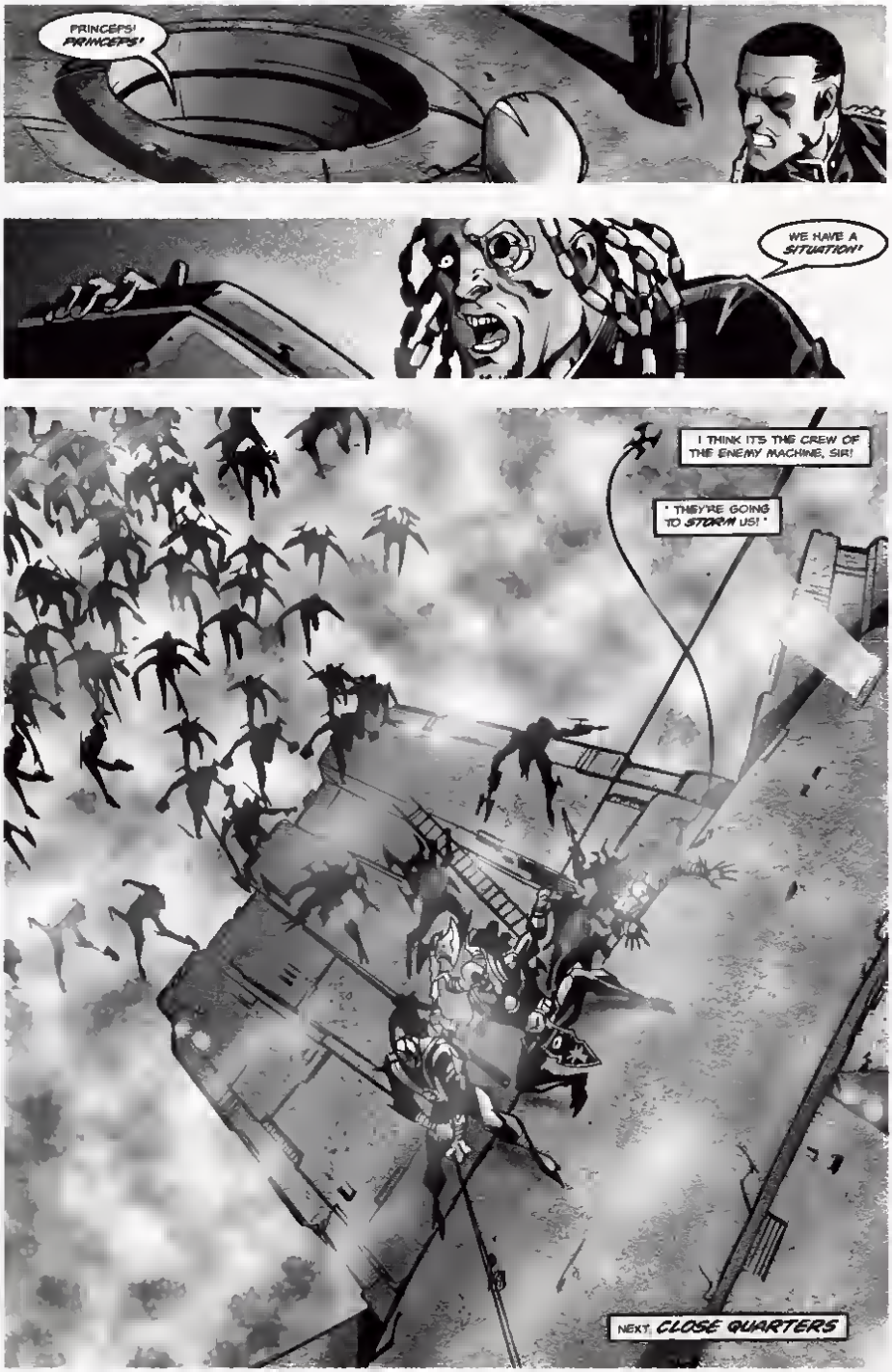
THAT SEEMS UNLIKELY. THERE'S NOTHING ON THE SCOPES.
RECON WERE QUITE CERTAIN, SIR.
RECON COULDN'T FIND THEIR BACKSIDES WITH A MAP AND A MIRROR, MODERATI.
SIR! SENSOR NOISE, VERY FAINT.
DEAD STOP! SILENT OPERATION!
DEAD STOP, AYE!
CHGTA-- CHGTA-- CHGTA--
THERE! ROUTING TO CABIN SPEAKERS, PRINCEPS.
GOOD BOY, ZYSO. THAT'S A POWER PLANT, A BIG ONE, IDLING.

..RAISE SHIELDS, ENGAGE AUTOLOADERS, GIVE ME A WEAPONS LOCK, PLEASE, ZYGO
IT'S CLOSE, SIR
LESS THAN SEVEN FIFTY METRES THE OTHER SIDE OF THOSE MANUFACTORY BARNS
THEN LETS G-

UGHH...
WHAT IN THE NAME OF TERRA WAS THAT?
GET ME POWER! LIGHTS!
EVERYTHING'S DEAD, PRINCEPS! TOTAL POWER FAILURE IN ALL SYSTEMS!
I THINK WE WERE HIT BY AN ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE, SIR.
FROM A NUCLEAR DETONATION
GOD EMPEROR...


ENGINEER DORN SAYS TWO HOURS AT *LEAST* BEFORE HE CAN RESTORE ANY POWER. MAYBE *LONGER*
TWO HOURS AND UNTIL THEN WE'RE JUST DEAD, COLD STEEL.
HE'D BETTER MAKE IT *FASTER* THAN THAT.

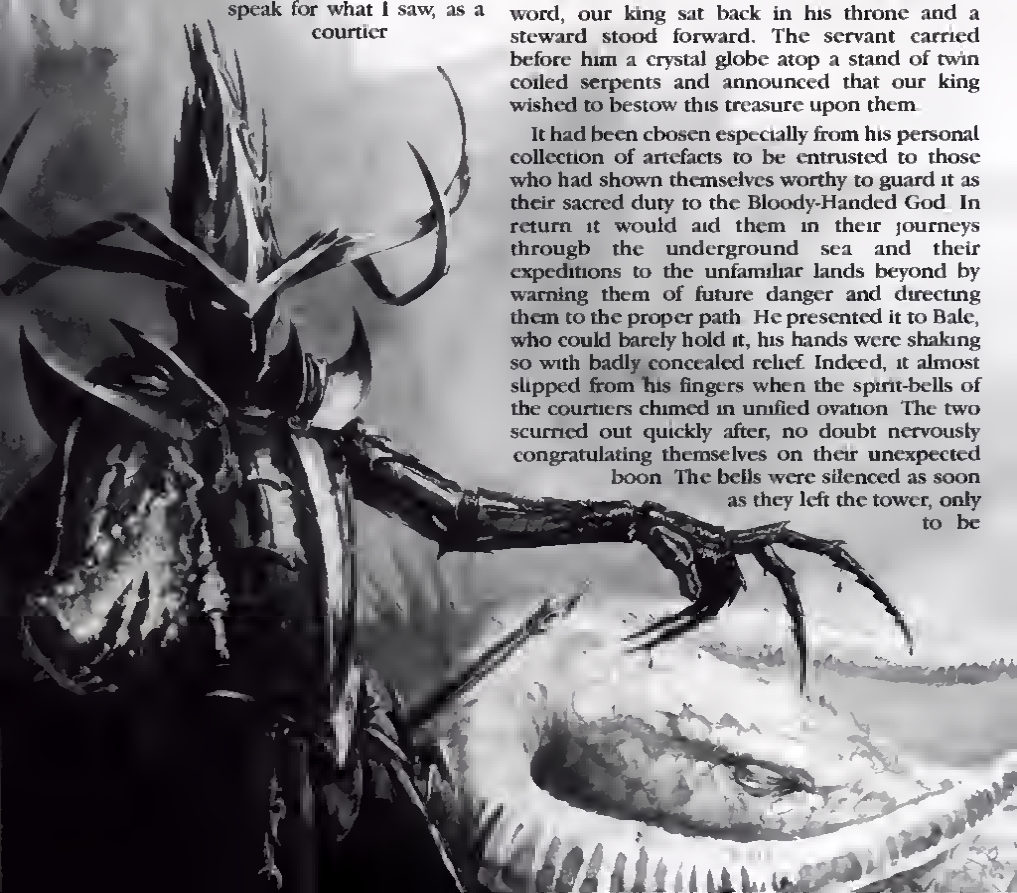
THE ENEMY'S OUT THERE DEAD LIKE US.
IF THEY GET POWER BACK *BEFORE* WE DO...


PRINCEPS! PRINCEPS!
WE HAVE A SITUATION!
I THINK ITS THE CREW OF THE ENEMY MACHINE, SIR!
" THEY'RE GOING TO STORM US! "
NEXT, CLOSE QUARTERS

A HISTORY OF NAGGOR

the conclusion of the tale of Balneth Bale as told by Furion of Clar Karond

Balneth Bale, the Witch Lord of Nagor, and his consort Vitteran knew nothing of the disgrace they were bringing upon themselves by their illicit dabblings in the Dark Art. They blithely believed themselves secure on their floating fortress as it travelled the world's seas. Bale in particular took delight in surrounding himself with the opulent trappings of his position and gloated over what further riches his consort's investigations might bring. They were as blinkered children, believing their infantile mischief went unnoticed solely because they could not see their parent standing over them. Such illusions were shattered on the day Nagor processed sedately out through the Underway and into the shadow of the black walls of Naggarond, the seat of the Witch King. Who can say what chill went through their hearts as they heard our king's summons or what thoughts went through their cowed minds as they were ferried under guard past the legion of severed heads that adorn the battlements. I can only speak for what I saw, as a courtier and representative of my city-state, Clar Karond, as the two were ushered into our king's most august presence.



THE COURT OF THE WITCH KING

These two, who had believed themselves so mighty, now appeared very humble indeed. Bale, at least, was ignorant enough to misjudge the danger of his plight and stood upright beneath our master's ancient gaze. Vitteran – her sorcery as an infant's in our king's inestimable presence – could barely drag herself along behind. There were no hails of greeting, no fanfares played, we watched in frosted silence as they struggled forwards until they could collapse, kneeling, at our master's feet. Our Witch King sat there, making no move towards them, his dark eyes boring into the two as if to flay them alive with his mere gaze until it might seem that Vitteran at least would run mad should she be scrutinised for another second. Then, without a word, our king sat back in his throne and a steward stood forward. The servant carried before him a crystal globe atop a stand of twin coiled serpents and announced that our king wished to bestow this treasure upon them.

It had been chosen especially from his personal collection of artefacts to be entrusted to those who had shown themselves worthy to guard it as their sacred duty to the Bloody-Handed God. In return it would aid them in their journeys through the underground sea and their expeditions to the unfamiliar lands beyond by warning them of future danger and directing them to the proper path. He presented it to Bale, who could barely hold it, his hands were shaking so with badly concealed relief. Indeed, it almost slipped from his fingers when the spirit-bells of the courtiers chimed in unified ovation. The two scurried out quickly after, no doubt nervously congratulating themselves on their unexpected boon. The bells were silenced as soon as they left the tower, only to be

replaced by our king's slow, sculpted laughter. The courtiers, and I as well, hastened to join in. It was indeed a fine joke, to pass off the vitrified eye of a primordial daemon, bent on treachery. Its prophecies so closed and cryptic that even our king preferred his own wisdom than to bother with its interpretation. And what a cunning barb, to gift Bale with the means of his own destruction and yet to present it to him in such a fashion that he would protect it as though it were a gift from Khaine himself. As my forced laughter mingled with the others' I reaffirmed in my old blackened heart, as you should all, young Druchii, never to consider even the mere thought of defiance in the face of our king's most glorious wisdom.

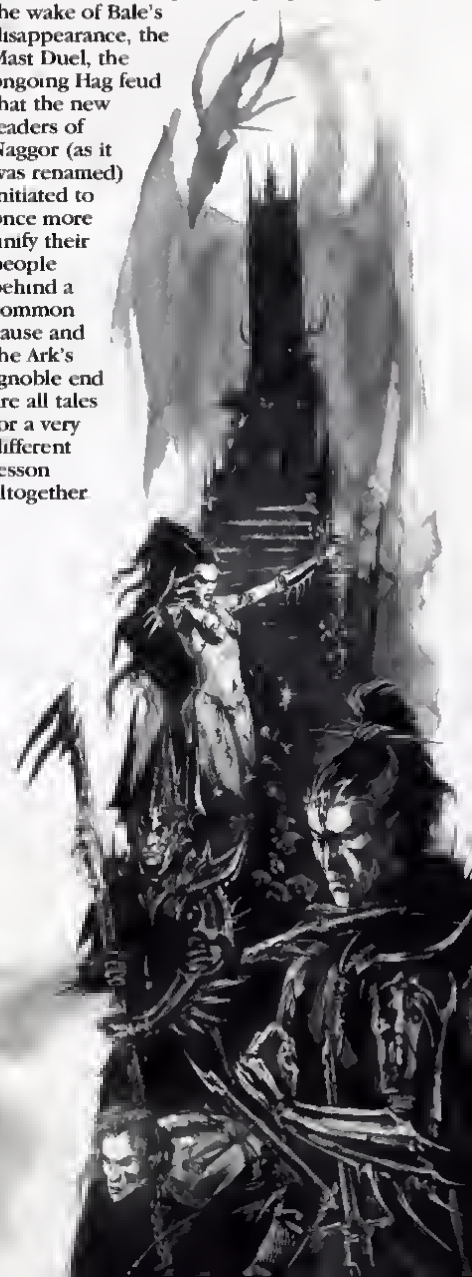
THE ICE-LOCKED ARK

It was not long subsequently that we heard of how the great ark of Nagor had for the first time in its history, manage to lose itself in the waters beneath the Black Spine Mountains and emerge mistakenly in one of the Cold Water lakes too shallow and frozen to bear its size. Mysteriously the wards and shields in place for just such an eventuality failed in that instant as Nagor plunged into the ice, so hard as to have been almost shoved forward by a mighty, invisible force, until it was beached and wrecked on the shore. For all the crew's desperate efforts and magical endeavours they could not free themselves before the night closed in and the imprisoning ice locked them there forever.

Bale had flown into an enormous rage, and had slaughtered Vitteran in his temper for failing to foresee such a disaster for all her prescient magics. I heard much later of how that same orb Bale had been granted had been stolen from beneath his very nose by a single intruder. Still oath-bound to Khaine to protect the orb, Bale had no choice but to assemble his bodyguard and pursue the thief. The trail led deep into the Northern Wastes and neither Bale nor his Witchguard were to be seen again in Druchii lands.

So ended the rule of Balneth Bale, his treachery to defy our king's enlightened rule, his hubris to believe that such treachery could be concealed. Learn well from his, young Druchii, learn well so that this foolish traitor may still serve a purpose, even in death.

As for the stricken Black Ark Nagor, though imprisoned and disgraced its final fate does not lie here. However, the events of the bitter kinstrife that tore apart the people of Nagor in the wake of Bale's disappearance, the Mast Duel, the ongoing Hag feud that the new leaders of Naggor (as it was renamed) initiated to once more unify their people behind a common cause and the Ark's ignoble end are all tales for a very different lesson altogether.

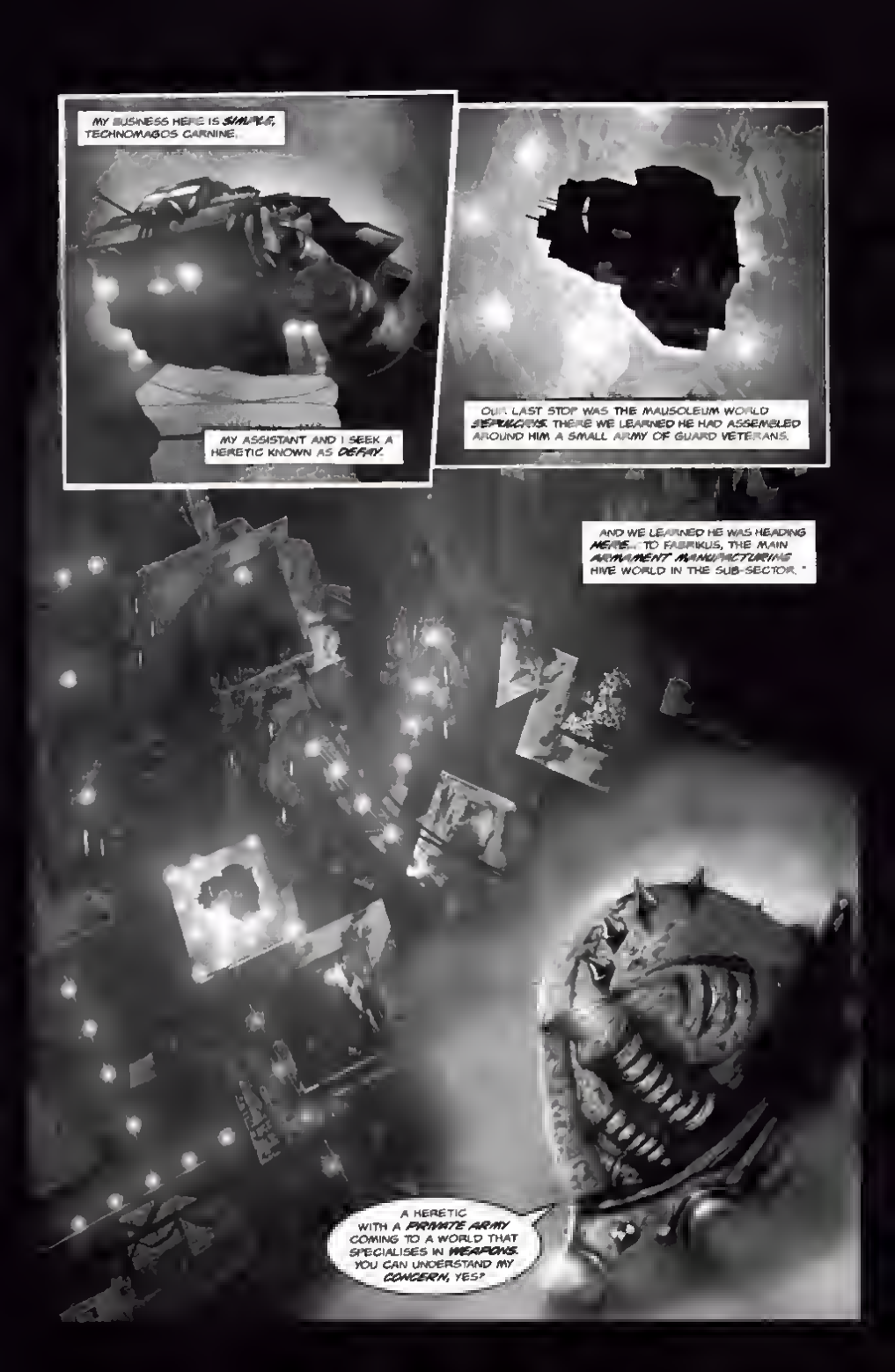


COME ON! COME ON, YA DAMN FOOLS! WHAT ARE YA WAITING FOR?
INQUISITOR ASCENDANT
EPISODE TWO: PART SIX
I GOT ME A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS, DAVIK.
SHUT YER YAP, FRONE! NOT FAR NOW, AND WE'LL BE FREE FOR EVER!
BUT IT SEEMED TOO EASY, DAVIK! OUR CELL JUST BEING UNLOCKED LIKE THAT. THESE GUNS. THIS ARMOUR JUST LYING THERE LIKE THEY'D BEEN LEFT FOR US...
AND WHERE ARE WE DAMN IT?
DUNNO SOMEWHERE UNDER THE HIVE IS MY GUESS
WHO CARES ANYWAY? THIS BEATS A LIFE SENTENCE OF HARD LABOUR IN THE CAGE ANY DAY!
DAVIK'S RIGHT. FRONE. TELL ME YOU DON'T DREAM OF ESCAPE EVERY NIGHT AT LOCK-DOWN?
THIS IS OUR BIG CHANCE, YOU WIMP! AND IF ANY ONE TRIES TO STOP US, WE'VE GOT THE KILLWARE TO-
ZZZCHOWW!

SCRIPT: DAN ABNETT · ART: JIM BRADY · LETTERS: FIONA STEPHENSON

HOLY SPIT! THE STINKING ARBITES MUST BE ONTO US! FIRE, FOR FAX SAKE! FIRE!
FRONE! FRONE! OH GOD EMPEROR...
CHZOOK! CHZOOK! CHZOOK!
COME AND GET IT, YOU SCUM! COME ON! YOU WON'T TAKE ME ALIVE!
KCHOOM!
I DON'T S- AGHHH!
KSZ...K!
AT WHAT? AT WHAT? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!
TAKING YOU ALIVE WASN'T THE POINT, SCUMBALL. MORTEM TO MAGOS CARNINE PROVING TEST 151066 IS NOW COMPLETE DISENGAGE THE LOCKS SO I CAN LEAVE THE SILO
FCHHZOOM!
SUPERB WORK AS USUAL, MORTEM...

YOU SAW HOW IT PUNCHED THROUGH THE ARMOUR WE GAVE THEM, MAGOS. EVEN AT LONG RANGE. IT'S A JOY TO KILL WITH.
...I'M LOOKING AT THE PRELIMINARY RESULTS NOW. THE SHIVA-PATTERN HELL GUN IS PERFORMING BEYOND EXPECTATIONS.
I WANT TO COMPARE THE CELL-DRAIN RATIO WITH THE PREVIOUS TESTS AND
TECHNOMAGOS!
THAT'S A WEEK'S RATION PRIVILEGES DOCKED FOR INTERRUPTING ME, ADEPT. WHAT IS IT?
THERE'S A LANDING SHIP APPROACHING THE HIVE, TECHNOMAGOS. THE OCCUPANT DEMANDS IMMEDIATE AUDIENCE WITH YOU.
DEMANDS? I'M BUSY.
DOES HE INDEED?
SO... THEY'RE GOING TO TRY IT AGAIN, ARE THEY?
THEY WON'T FIND HIVE FABRIKUS ALPHA SO EASY A TARGET THIS TIME...
THE OCCUPANT IDENTIFIES HIMSELF AS ONE INQUISITOR REIKER, TECHNOMAGOS.
VOX HIM PERMISSION TO LAND AND ESCORT HIM TO MY CHAMBERS.


MY BUSINESS HERE IS SIMPLE, TECHNOMAGOS CARNINE.
MY ASSISTANT AND I SEEK A HERETIC KNOWN AS DEFAY.
OUR LAST STOP WAS THE MAUSOLEUM WORLD SEPULCHRUS. THERE WE LEARNED HE HAD ASSEMBLED AROUND HIM A SMALL ARMY OF GUARD VETERANS.
AND WE LEARNED HE WAS HEADING HERE... TO FABRIKUS, THE MAIN ARMAMENT MANUFACTURING HIVE WORLD IN THE SUB-SECTOR."
A HERETIC WITH A PRIVATE ARMY COMING TO A WORLD THAT SPECIALISES IN WEAPONS. YOU CAN UNDERSTAND MY CONCERN, YES?

QUITE, INQUISITOR.
AND YOUR CONCERNS ARE WELL FOUNDED. DEFAY INDEED... VISITED US. THREE MONTHS AGO.
DEFAY WAS HERE?
SIT BACK AND SHUT UP, PUPIL.
TECHNOMAGOS... YOU WILL TELL ME ABOUT THIS VISIT, YES?
IT WAS... EVENTFUL, WASN'T IT, MORTEM?
SIR.
THIS DEFAY WAS POSING AS AN INQUISITOR. HIS CREDENTIALS WERE PERFECT, AND WE EXTENDED HIM EVERY SHARED OF COOPERATION WE COULD
UNDER THE PRETEXT OF A MUTANT AUDIT, DEFAY AND HIS ACCOMPLICES PLUNDERED OUR STOCKPILES. FIVE HUNDRED LASRIFLES, POWER CELLS, A SHIPMENT OF GRENADES, FIFTY FLAMERS, ARMOUR, ROCKET LAUNCHERS...
HE WAS LONG GONE BY THE TIME WE DISCOVERED HIS TREACHERY.
THIS IS GRAVE NEWS. I WILL NEED ACCESS TO THE DEPOTS HE RANSACKED.
OF COURSE YOU WILL. I'M SURE YOU'LL NEED ACCESS TO OUR ENTIRE STOCKPILE
WHO WOULD DARE HINDER AN INQUISITOR IN HIS WORK?
THERE IS A PHRASE, REIKER... OR WHOEVER YOU ARE...
"ONCE BITTEN..."

SHLACK! SHLACK!
CHINK!
ARE YOU SUGGESTING
HEY--?!
RELEASE THESE SHACKLES NOW, CARNINE! YOU ARE MAKING A SERIOUS ERROR, YES?
I WILL PERSONALLY SEE TO IT THAT YOU...
...THAT YOU...
HIVE FABRIKUS ALPHA WILL NOT BE MADE TO LOOK FOOLISH AGAIN!
DEFAY SHOULD HAVE QUIT WHILE HE WAS AHEAD HE HAS SENT YOU FAIR OF IMPOSTERS TO YOUR DEATHS
AAGHHHH!
FORGET YOUR MIND TRICKS, WE READ YOU AS A PSYKER THE MOMENT YOU LEFT YOUR SHIP
AND FITTED YOUR SEAT WITH PSY-RESTRAINTS ACCORDINGLY
INQUISITOR!
MORTEM? AM I RIGHT IN THINKING THERE ARE MORE PROVING TESTS TO RUN ON THE NEW PATTERN HELL GUN?
YOU ARE, TECHNOMAGOS...

"...I'LL HAVE THEM TAKEN TO THE SILO."
REIKER! REIKER, WAKE UP!
GOD EMPEROR DAMN YOU, DEFAY! WHAT HAVE YOU DROPPED US INTO NOW?
THAT'S RIGHT... THAT'S RIGHT... PICK UP THE GUN... FIND A POWER CELL...
...GIVE ME SOME SPUNK...
NEXT HELL FIRE

It was hope that brought Erich Von Stedelmann to a dingy backroom in one of the worst neighbourhoods in altdorf that night
For the young nobleman had received a note claiming that his cousin, Ludwig, who had disappeared in mysterious circumstances nearly six months previously could be found there
Though nothing in the note could have possibly prepared Erich for just how much his cousin had changed
sweet sigmar
NOT A PRETTY SIGHT IS IT, COUSIN?
LUDWIG...? HOW...?
YES, LUDWIG. THOUGH, GRANTED, I AM NOT THE MAN I WAS AS TO HOW I CAME TO THIS...
PULL UP A CHAIR, COUSIN. IT IS A LONG STORY AND I CAN SEE NO GOOD REASON WHY ONE OF US AT LEAST SHOULD NOT BE COMFORTABLE...
IT BEGAN WHEN I WAS APPROACHED BY TALIESIN, A STRANGER WHO CLAIMED TO BE ONE OF THE LEGENDARY DRUIDS OF MYTHICAL, MIST SHROUDED ALBION.
HE TOLD ME OF A BIRTHRIGHT THAT WAS MINE TO RECLAIM, IF ONLY I WOULD RETURN WITH HIM TO HIS HOMELAND.
FOOLISHLY, I BELIEVED HIM.
USING THE LAST OF MY FORTUNE, I OUTFITTED A MERCENARY EXPEDITION, AND HIRED THE INFAMOUS HELLEBRANDT GRIMM TO ACT AS THEIR LEADER.
THEN, TAKING WITH US A FAMILY HEIRLOOM - A GRUESOME TALISMAN CALLED THE HAND OF AELKMAR, WHICH TALIESIN CLAIMED WAS VITAL TO OUR SUCCESS -
- WE SET SAIL FOR ALBION.
TALES OF Hellebrandt Grimm
the WAKE of GIANTS
SCRIPT MITCHEL SCANLON ART THE SHARP BROTHERS

HAVING MADE A LANDFALL, WE VENTURED INLAND, RELYING ON TALIESIN'S MAGIC TO HIDE US FROM THE EYES OF ALBION'S GUARDIAN GIANTS.
THOUGH, AS WE WERE TO LEARN TO OUR COST, ALBION IS A LAND OF MANY DANGERS.
I HAD HEARD TELL OF SUCH THINGS FROM TRAVELLERS BEFORE, BUT I HAD PAID THEM LITTLE HEED.
WAS IT SOME MONSTROUS, BUT ENTIRELY NATURAL CREATURE NATIVE TO THAT PLACE? OR SOME CONSTRUCT OF THE FABLED OLD ONES, LEFT TO GUARD AGAINST INTRUDERS?
AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT, I NEITHER KNEW NOR CARED.
SAVE HIM, GRIMM! IF LUDWIG DIES, ALL IS LOST!
CALM YOURSELF, DRUID. I AM NOT ABOUT TO GIVE UP MY EMPLOYER, LEASTWAYS --
-- NOT WITHOUT A FIGHT!

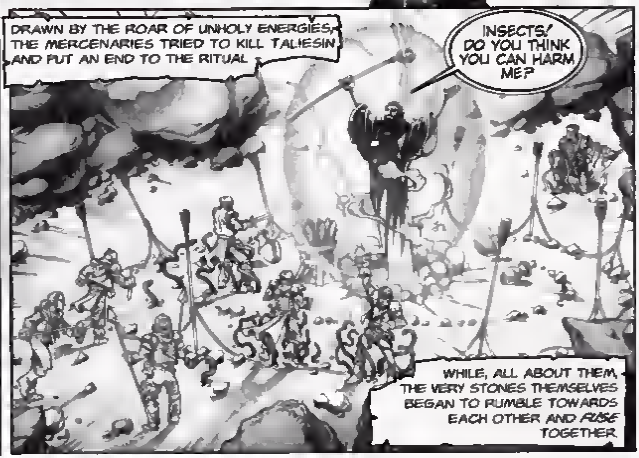
I OWED GRIMM MY LIFE. THOUGH HE SOON MADE IT CLEAR TO ME THAT HIS MOTIVES HAD NOT BEEN *ENTIRELY* SELFLESS.
YOU...
YOU SAVED MY LIFE, GRIMM. I AM -COUGH- ETERNALLY IN YOUR DEBT.
HNH. IN MY TRADE IT IS CONSIDERED BAD FORM TO STAND BY AND *WATCH* AN EMPLOYER DIE.
EEEEEEE!
ESPECIALLY WHEN HE HAS YET TO PAY THE OTHER *HALF* OF YOUR *FEE*.
FOLLOWING TALIESIN'S DIRECTIONS, WE CONTINUED ONWARDS, COMING AT LAST TO A MISTY PLAIN DEEP IN THE INTERIOR OF ALBION
A PLAIN LITTERED WITH WHAT WE TOOK TO BE THE RUINS OF SOME ANCIENT CITY.
THE DRUID ORDERED US TO MAKE CAMP, WHILE HE WENT INTO THE RUINS TO MAKE PREPARATIONS FOR THE TASK AHEAD OF US TOMORROW
THOUGH LATER, WHILE MOST OF US SLEPT -

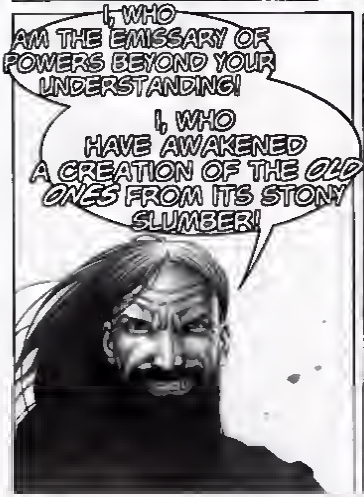
- TALIESIN RETURNED TO SHOW HIS TRUE COLOURS
mmfff
It is time, Ludwig. Time for you to reclaim your birthright
HE LED ME THROUGH THE RUBBLE AND, THOUGH I HAD MY DOUBTS I FOLLOWED-
YOU HAD BETTER MAKE GOOD ON YOUR PROMISES, DRUID.
IT HAS TAKEN ALL MY GOLD TO GET US THIS FAR, AND I FEAR FOR OUR MEN'S REACTION SHOULD THEY LEARN I HAVE NOTHING LEFT TO PAY THEM WITH.
DO NOT WORRY, LUDWIG. SOON, YOU WILL NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MONEY AGAIN.
ONLY IF HE IS SO STUPID AS TO TRUST YOU, DRUID.
IT SEEMS SOMEONE SLIT THE THROAT OF THE MAN I POSTED ON SENTRY DUTY, DRUID. SOMEONE LIKE YOU, I SUSPECT.
OH, I KILLED HIM, ALL RIGHT, GRIMM. I HAVE COME TOO FAR TO LET MYSELF BE STOPPED BY THE LIKES OF HIM--
--OR THE LIKES OF YOU!

THINGS MOVED *QUICKLY* THEN.
WITH BUT A FEW WORDS, TALIESIN UNLEASHED THE POWER THAT HAD LAIN DORMANT IN THOSE RUINS FOR MILLENIA. AND, AS ELDRITCH ENERGIES LEAPT FROM STONE-TO-STONE...
NOW, LUDWIG. *NOW!*
RAISE *THE HAND OF AELKMAR* ABOVE YOUR HEAD! RECLAIM YOUR *BIRTHRIGHT!*

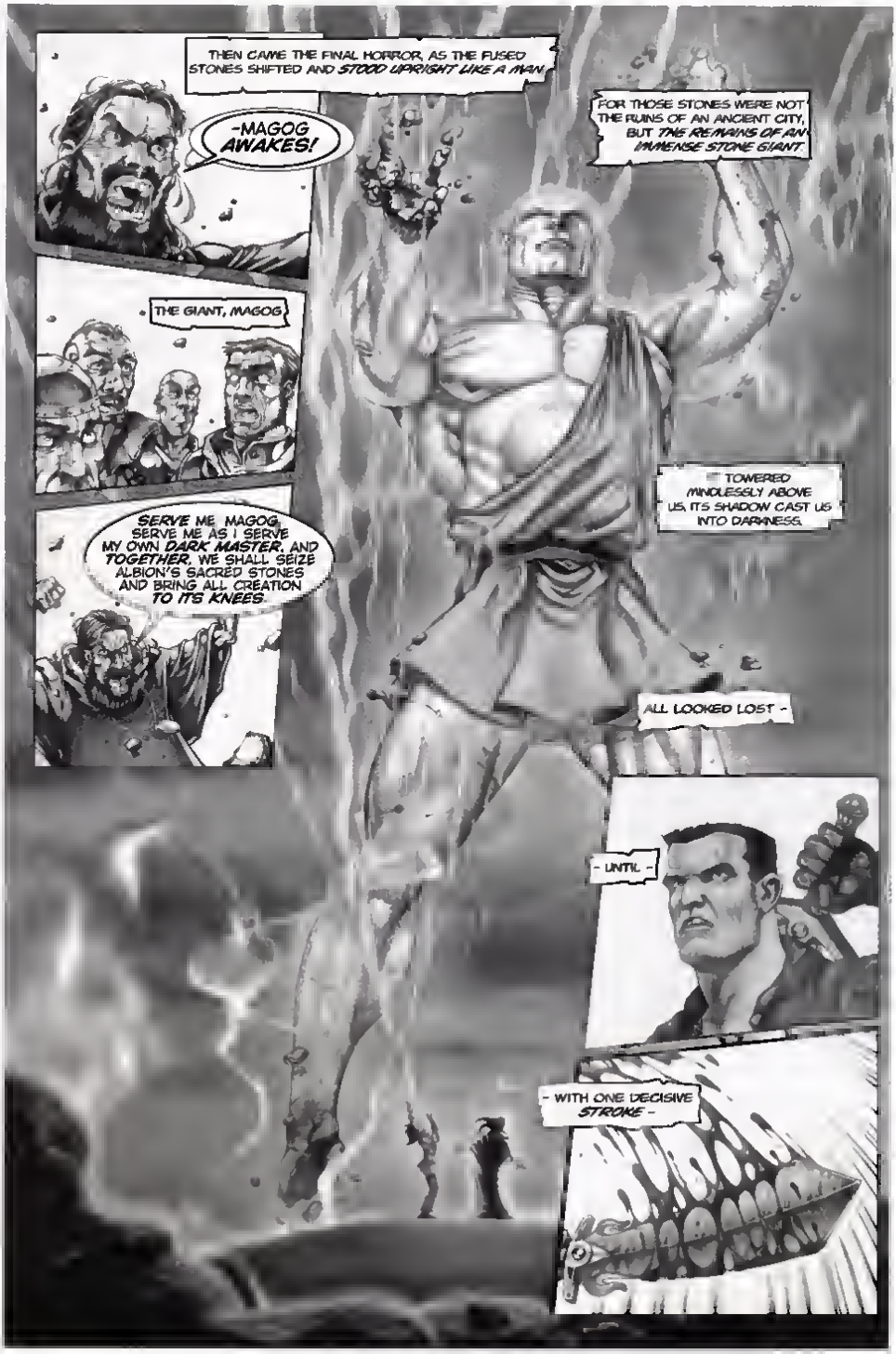
ARRRGGH!

THEN, POWERLESS TO RESIST, AS THOUGH ENSLAVED BY A *LURKING BLOOD MEMORY* OF THE *DARK RITUALS* PRACTISED BY MY ANCESTORS IN *AGES PAST* I BEGAN TO CHANT IN SOME *UNKNOWN TONGUE*


DRAWN BY THE ROAR OF UNHOLY ENERGIES, THE MERCENARIES TRIED TO KILL TALIESIN AND PUT AN END TO THE RITUAL
INSECTS! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN HARM ME?
WHILE, ALL ABOUT THEM, THE VERY STONES THEMSELVES BEGAN TO RUMBLE TOWARDS EACH OTHER AND *RISE* TOGETHER


I, WHO AM THE EMISSARY OF POWERS BEYOND YOUR UNDERSTANDING!
I, WHO HAVE AWAKENED A CREATION OF THE *OLD ONES* FROM ITS STONY SLUMBER!

BEHOLD--


THEN CAME THE FINAL HORROR, AS THE FUSED STONES SHIFTED AND STOOD UPRIGHT LIKE A MAN.
FOR THOSE STONES WERE NOT THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT CITY, BUT THE REMAINS OF AN IMMENSE STONE GIANT.
-MAGOG AWAKES!
THE GIANT, MAGOG
TOWERED MINDLESSLY ABOVE US, ITS SHADOW CAST US INTO DARKNESS.
SERVE ME, MAGOG. SERVE ME AS I SERVE MY OWN DARK MASTER, AND TOGETHER, WE SHALL SEIZE ALBION'S SACRED STONES AND BRING ALL CREATION TO ITS KNEES.
ALL LOOKED LOST -
- UNTIL -
- WITH ONE DECISIVE STROKE -

– HELLBRANDT GRIMM PUT PAID TO MAGOG *AND* HIS MASTER BOTH.

NOOOOO!!

FOR THE MERCENARY HAD REALISED THAT MAGOG'S AWAKENING WAS THE PRODUCT NOT JUST OF TALIESIN'S MAGIC, BUT OF MY *CONNECTION* TO THE HAND OF AELKMAR.

AND, BY *SEVERING* THAT CONNECTION, GRIMM RETURNED THE GIANT TO ITS SLUMBERS.

AFTERWARDS, HAVING LEARNED THAT I WAS PENNILESS, AND TAKING THE HAND OF AELKMAR AND WHAT SHARDS OF THE STONE GIANT THEY COULD CARRY IN LIEU OF PAYMENT

– THE MERCENARIES *ABANDONED* ME IN ALBION.

IT TOOK SIX MONTHS TO MAKE MY WAY BACK, SIX MONTHS TO FIND A CAPTAIN WHO WOULD BRING ME HOME...

BUT NOW YOU ARE HOME, LUDWIG. AND, REST ASSURED YOUR *FAMILY* WILL SEE TO ALL YOUR WANTS AND NEEDS.

BUT THERE IS ONLY *ONE* THING I *WANT*, COUSIN. THE HAND OF AELKMAR DID THIS TO ME – THEREFORE, IT MUST HAVE THE POWER TO *REVERSE* THE TRANSFORMATION.

AND, EVEN IF I MUST *RIP THE GUTS* FROM EVERY SELLSWORD IN THE EMPIRE TO FIND IT, THE HAND OF AELKMAR WILL BE *MINE* ONCE MORE –

– *WHEREVER* IT MAY BE

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If you so-called learned men represent the best mankind can offer, then I pity your race. You are nothing more than careless children, playing in the wake of giants whose incautious feet may, at any moment, spell your doom

–the Elven mage Sandrevasi, from the minutes of the XXVth Combined Thaumaturgical Congress of Aldorf

THE END?

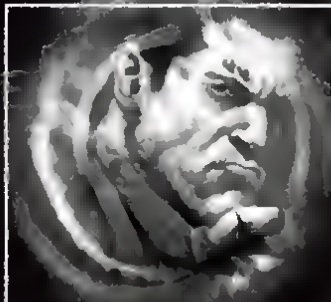
NEW FROM THE BLACK LIBRARY

Having rekindled your appetites last issue for Kal Jerico, the coolest bounty hunter in the Underhive, this month sees the release of even more of his adventures in the form of the second explosive Kal Jerico graphic novel. Entitled 'Contracts & Agendas', it picks up Kal's misadventures from the first graphic novel and follows them right through to the daredevil finale of 'The Nemo Agenda'.

There's even more blazing Underhive action in Inferno! 26, the latest issue of our bi-monthly fiction magazine hitting the shelves this month, as Nathan Creed dukes it out with a psychopathic pyro in 'Firestarter'. This issue also includes storming Ultramarine action from games developer Graham McNeill and chilling Warhammer fiction from novelist Brian Craig and C.L. Werner.

Finally, our awesome range of novels gains a brand new addition in the form of 'Vampireslayer', the sixth savage instalment in the adventures of Gotrek, the death-seeking dwarf Slayer, and Felix, his human companion. 'Vampireslayer' sees their travels turn to darkest Sylvania where a new evil will ensure that they and their band of fellow adventurers will never be the same again.

www.blacklibrary.co.uk



INCOMING

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+

++ Hail to you, Givers of Light! Your monthly tome is a blessing in the saturated and diluted world that is comics - especially when you spend all day with them. I see everything (and I mean everything) come through the shop I work at, and part of my job is to know what there is to read. More often than not, ignorance IS bliss. No other comic combines the characters, stories, and top-drawer artwork that is featured in your pages. They are a tribute to the days when serial comics actually told a story, and you'd have to wait for the next issue to see what happened. Comics today seem to be about foil covers, big guns, and chicks in leather pants (which are hardly offensive, but leather pants are no substitute for a plot...).

Personally, I favor the hero of the Underhive - Kal Jerico - especially his most recent exploits in the "service" of Nemo the Faceless. The outstanding writing is complimented by pages which look like they're movie shots. I've re-read them many times.

Once again, thanks for setting the standard for comics, and for entertainment in general.

+

+ Bryan 'Dark Angel' Dryer

+ Michigan, USA

+

++ P.S. Any chance of a re-release of that killer Kal Jerico figure offered in recent years? Just a thought...

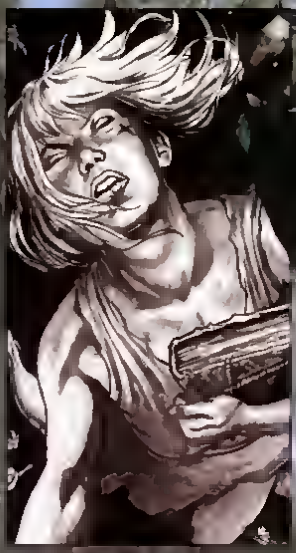
+

++ Thank you for your kind words, Brother Dryer. There are no plans to re-release the limited edition Kal Jerico diorama but those noble souls at Fanatic are offering a brand new Jerico figure along with his ratskin sidekick, Scabbs. Look for the advert elsewhere in this issue.

WRITE: Warhammer Monthly, Games Workshop Ltd., Willow Road, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS - UK

EMAIL: publishing@games-workshop.co.uk

NEXT ISSUE



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